

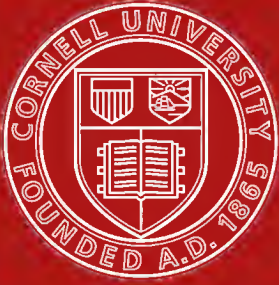
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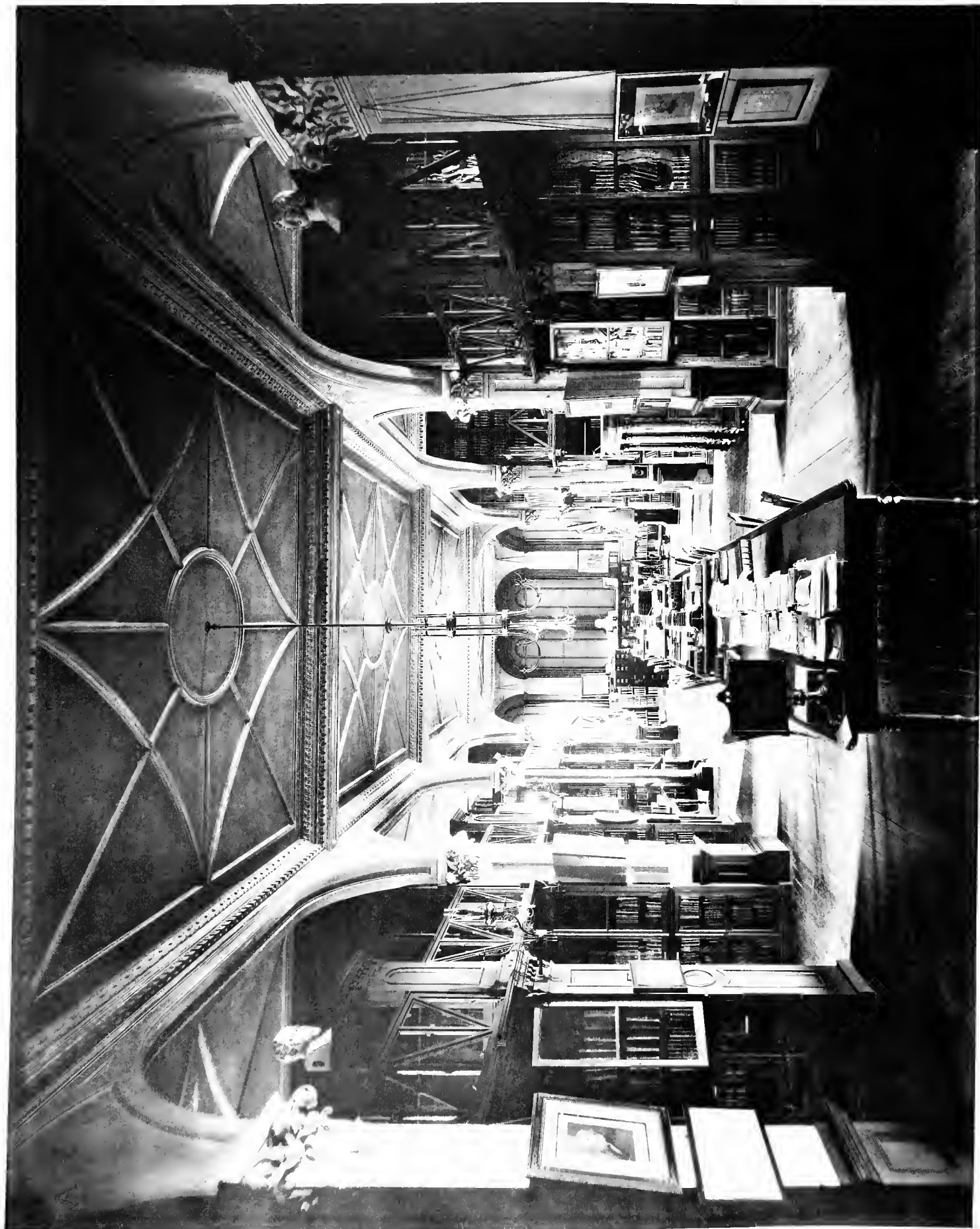
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LIBRARY FESTIVAL.

THE Official Boards, Faculty, and students of Wellesley College devoted Friday, June 4, to a festival in honor of Professor EBEN NORTON HORSFORD. They did this as an expression of their appreciation, not so much of his benefactions to the Library, Scientific Department, and the Faculty, as of the constant personal interest he manifests, of the substantial help he gives in a thousand ways which cannot be enumerated, and of the high ideals to which his frequent official and friendly visits and his well-matured plans have been an incentive. In all these ways of help to the College and its interests he has followed his dear friend, Wellesley's founder and father, in direct succession.

June could not have been asked to give a fairer day, and taste and skill had done their utmost within the College to cause halls and chapel and library to assume a festal air. Fortunately, since June supplies them in such abundance, the daisy is the chosen flower of the class of '86; and crowds of their star-like faces, in chapel and library, made a cheerful background for the changing pictures of the day. In the chapel a platform, arranged in three ascending tiers, placed the Beethoven Society in good position, so that the choruses, which relieved the other exercises, were heard with full effect.

At a little past eleven, Professor HORSFORD with President FREEMAN, and Mrs. HORSFORD with Dr. N. G. CLARK, the presiding officer of the day, led the procession of Trustees, Board of Visitors, and Faculty, visiting librarians and friends of education, to the platform.

The opening prayer was offered by Dr. GRIFFIS, of Shawmut Avenue Church, Boston. After the voluntary, by Professor HILL, a few introductory remarks were made by Dr. CLARK. He gave a short history of the library, which was started by the presentation of Mr. DURANT's own library of ten thousand volumes, and has since received valuable gifts from various friends who were named. The largest donor among these is Mr. A. A. SWEET, of Hopkinton, who has founded a library for Bible study, in memory of his daughter Gertrude, and intimated his intention to enlarge it.

Dr. A. P. PEABODY, of Harvard College, then gave an address on the "Place of a Library in University Work."

ADDRESS.

BY THE REV. A. P. PEABODY, D.D.

THERE may be, but there is not necessarily, benevolence in the property which a man leaves in dying for the promotion of valuable ends. He may, indeed, thus bequeath funds which he needed for his own support, and to which there are no heirs who have a rightful claim, and he may thus bestow what he would have been glad, if he could, to give in his lifetime. But he who can, yet will not, be generous in his lifetime, merits no praise, and often incurs just blame, for his bequest of what he can no longer enjoy or keep. He who gives largely of what he still has in his possession, however rich, yet has the consciousness of sacrifice. He surrenders, if not what he needs, what in the so frequent vicissitudes of fortune he may need; what he might employ in luxury or ostentation, or in the more refined enjoyment of art; what he might utilize in extending his business; what, if nothing else, might confer a higher rank in the plutocracy of his time, and win for him more of the conventional honor which, with all our moralizing, we have not been able wholly to detach from wealth. Then, too, however we may account for it, the more one has, the less easy is it to give; and I am inclined to think that the purse of the millionaire shuts with

a stronger clasp, and requires more of the grace of God to open it, than that of him whose wealth lies all in the future. You probably never knew a man who, having been poor, became generous after he grew rich. All honor, then, to living benefactors, — the executors of their own wills.

Not only in the heart of the donor, but in its actual or potential worth, the gift is to be far preferred to the bequest by will. Unforeseen circumstances may affect injuriously the value of a bequest of long standing. Its purpose may become of less real or comparative importance, or may have been adequately met from other sources; while in a will made close under the shadow of death there is sometimes more of pique or vindictive feeling toward legal heirs than of kind intent, and when this is not so, there may be more of benevolent purpose than of wise forethought. But the living benefactor knows just what he is doing, and can direct his charity toward actual and manifest needs and uses. It is the happiness of Wellesley College that it owes its existence and endowments chiefly to those who have been their own almoners. The same funds in the hands of the best possible board of non-resident trustees, with their inevitable diversity of taste, proclivity, and judgment, would have been far less efficient in meeting at once, and in their due proportion, the general interests of the institution and the claims of each separate department. There is very much the same difference that there is between alms bestowed in person and in kind, and the same sums dispensed through some general agency.

Then, too, we cannot be unmindful of the legitimate earthly reward which accrues to the living benefactor. I refer not to fame; for I doubt whether so mean a motive as the mere love of fame would overcome the greed of gain. It would be Satan casting out Satan, which we have divine authority for discrediting. But it is one's right and blessedness to see the good he does; to watch the upspringing, blossoming, and perennial fruit-bearing of the seed he sows; to be conscious of having conferred the benefit which he planned; to feed inwardly on his own sacrifice, and to assimilate in the substance of his own being the growing revenue of all that he has bestowed. Thus, what a man gives he has; has it by a firmer tenure than that by which he holds anything else; has it, too, with an interest that goes on compounding while he lives in this world; and if it be for the culture of mind, of soul, of character, it is an investment that will yield him even a richer income in heaven, when the now blended rills of beneficence will flow apart, and each may swell into a stream that for untold ages will make glad the city of our God.

It is such beneficence that has called us together to-day for a festival of gratitude. We rejoice in munificent alms-giving; but how much more in the bestowal of endowments adapted to raise the standard of society, to make the world substantially better, and thus surely, however indirectly, to reduce the scope and contract the need of alms-giving! Among the instrumentalities for this end, none has precedence of the advanced Christian culture of women,—an end in

the statement of which every word has its own intense emphasis.

It is women that create home, that shape character, that form public sentiment. No community can rise above their level. No man that has the heart of a man can fail to crave their sympathy and furtherance in all that is highest and best in his thought and in his work. Where women are uncultivated, the culture of men is exceptional and sporadic, because it lacks home roots and home fibres. In the ancient republics there were not wanting wise and great men; but their qualities and attainments had no penetrating or diffusive power, because they were unshared by those whose influence as educators, for good or for evil, precedes and overlaps and transcends all the training and moulding forces that are at the command of men. Therefore it is that at the very eras that have given us works of genius which later ages can imitate, but never equal, there was no little of barbarism, nay, even of savageness, in the pursuits, amusements, and modes of living of even the best society. The contents of that multitudinously comprehensive word, *civilization*, were beyond the reach of women, save in very rare instances, and therefore were attainable by not one man in ten thousand.

The mere culture of women would undoubtedly go far toward redeeming society from coarseness and vulgarity. It would inaugurate a reign of taste and art and grace. Yet it could not be trusted with the destiny of man, least of all with his training. What the highest refinement could do, independently of religion, was shown in France

in the brilliant epoch that preceded the Revolution, when even vice seemed to have lost all of its grossness that is not inherent and inseparable, and yet never had more of essential vileness and depravity than there, in court-circles, and among the most exclusive of the aristocracy. Even more than knowledge, culture, which comprehends literature, science, the arts which we call fine, and the still finer arts that make society ornamental and attractive, is a power equally subtle and mighty, and intensely dangerous when unhallowed, — dangerous even when not transcending the conventional rules of morality. Devoted to merely æsthetic pursuits and pleasures, it encourages show, ostentation, and extravagance; it not only tolerates, but even promotes, those half-innocent forms of dissipation which lead on to excesses that are the reverse of innocent, and it so satisfies social cravings of a lower type as to keep those of a higher order in abeyance.

The culture of women must be Christian, that their influence may be in all regards safe and salutary. In saying this, I do not mean that they should be trained in sanctimonious ways of speech or behavior. Nothing could be worse. Sanctimony is a hideous burlesque of piety, often insincere, and when not so, indicating shallowness, not depth, of religious conviction and feeling. But we do need that those who are to give tone and character to society, and whose impress each coming generation must bear, should have the eternal right for their unvarying law; that they should have the inflexible vigor of moral rectitude which we sometimes term manly, yet

which, we men must confess, is in fact oftener womanly ; and then that these hardy sinews of robust virtue should be filled in and rounded out with that beauty of holiness, divinely perfect in Jesus Christ alone, and most nearly perfect in those saintly women who trust in the dying, and exult in the risen, Saviour. It is priestesses thus endowed that we crave for the daily and perpetual service of the home-altar, and for the rites of hospitality and of neighborly and social fellowship. Under their ministry the festive side of life will not be suppressed or curtailed, but made and kept pure and sweet. There will be for the young and unafflicted none the less, but all the more, of gayety, fun, and frolic, because their gladness will be gratitude, their joy praise, their glee thanksgiving. Under such auspices there may be the condition of society typified by the prophet when he says, " There shall be upon the bells of the horses holiness unto the Lord, and all the vessels in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar."

Still more, we want advanced, while Christian, culture for as many women as can obtain it and are capable of it ; and this not because we would unsphere women, but because we would have them shine with a beneficent radiance in their own appropriate sphere. Where many men and few women are highly educated, the educated woman is apt to be unsphered, nay, to unsphere herself, — she is a phenomenon, a prodigy, — she takes on a cerulean dye, or assumes masculine airs. But I see no reason why a liberal education should not be at least as common among women as among men. They need it

for the professions that are open to them. As to the medical profession, on which so many of them are now entering, they can make good their place in it only by exceeding it in every dimension. No man or woman is fit for a liberal profession whose knowledge does not go far beyond it. A mere specialist, whether man or woman, grows less, and not beautifully less, with advancing years. It demands large and high culture to hold one's own in a calling which requires constant work of detail. In the office of a teacher, also, there is no limit to the availableness of women who are qualified for it. Other things being equal, they are better teachers than men,—more patient and persevering, and more thoroughly in command of the easiest and surest avenues to the minds of their pupils. Some of the best classical teachers that I have ever known have been women; and in my early Cambridge days the person to whose tuition suspended students, especially in the upper classes, were consigned in preference to all others, was a woman. The history of the most eminent Italian universities, in their palmy days, gives several instances in which women held with distinguished honor important professorships; and I am sure that we need not go beyond these walls for an ability to fill the highest of educational offices and trusts, rarely equalled and unsurpassed in any of our colleges.

But while I say these things because they ought to be said, I am still more solicitous to have it felt that advanced culture is to be sought, not only or chiefly to fit one for an occupation, but to enlarge and exalt the entire inward

being. It is of unspeakable benefit to one's own mind and soul, and it enhances indefinitely one's power of influence and usefulness. As in the outward world, so in that of intellect, the higher the air the purer it is. This was never more true than now; for in the lower region of sciolism, and specialism, and the learning that is but self-glorifying ignorance, there hang foul mists of sophistry and delusion, from which the genuine scholar emerges into a clearer light and a more healthful atmosphere. Nor is there any department in which this is more true than in religion, the supreme interest of every soul. The scepticism of our day is wonderfully plausible, and is getting extended sway, simply because it is superficial, and thus has easy hold and convincing power on minds that know little and think less, while profounder knowledge at once sees through it and looks above it.

But it is time for us to pass from these generalities to the peculiar features of the endowment to which this occasion is specially consecrated. Our friend, who is winning for himself the enduring gratitude of every lover of knowledge, learning, and wisdom, seeks to accomplish the three most important purposes for an educational institution that has the income necessary for self-support.

1. There is the library, of which every department has for its type, intensified fourfold, Agur's two daughters of the horseleach, crying, Give, give. To say nothing of rare old books and choice editions for which a new library should be on the watch as opportunities arise, the annual issue of books that no library can afford to leave unpurchased is enormously large; and it is hard to

say of any book, new or old, that it will not come into use. One who has not been engaged in literary, historical, or scientific research can have no idea of the number of books often consulted in the preparation of an essay, discourse, or pamphlet, or of the blank in the author's mind and the void in his work occasioned by the absence of a book which perhaps will not be needed again for years. It may be but a name, or a date, or an isolated fact, or a theory or speculation outgrown and obsolete, yet with a place in history, that the missing book would furnish; but the work in hand craves it, and is incomplete without it. Then, too, in these fast days, the new is constantly treading on the heels of the old; and merely to keep up with the progress of learning, art, and science demands a large annual outlay. Now, if all that is to be done here were mere lesson-learning and lesson-hearing, the library would be of small concern. But I trust that subjects, much more than text-books, will be thoroughly studied here; that research and investigation will be the habit of the College; that its students will do sincere and faithful work in whatever they take in hand; and to this end they must have access, not only to the books which every one knows, at least by title, but to the books less known, often because more recondite, scientific, and complete, — such books as are the feeders of more popular treatises, while they reserve much richer food for the inquiring and appreciative reader and scholar.

2. Next comes the appropriation for scientific apparatus, which has the two essential offices of giving a realistic comprehension of many things else known but vaguely,

and of furnishing the means and the possibility of enlarging the scope of knowledge. In botany, zoölogy, chemistry, and physics, the printed page is often insufficient, unless the eye can see what the book describes. Then, too, fresh scientific experiments are always of value, hardly less so when unsuccessful than when they succeed ; for every experiment that fails narrows the range of those still to be tried, and he who comes before the world with a triumphant EUREKA owes his enduring fame very largely to the many who went before him, and sought, but never found. That our friend's generous endowment will furnish all desirable facilities for many zealous seekers, we cannot doubt ; and if so, why not for finders, discoverers, inventors, who shall leave their names and work to the ages to come ?

3. As to the remaining provision, for pensions and sabbatical years, you will suffer me, as a veteran teacher, to give the testimony of an expert. There are no college salaries large enough to permit the accumulation of property. Indeed, one who has no other resource, in order to maintain a family, or to subsidize dependent kindred, is often obliged to do extra and vacation work to eke out an insufficient income. At the same time, the teacher is dependent for teaching power, not wholly on capacity and learning, but perhaps equally on an elasticity of mind, of nerve and muscle, of the vocal organs, and of mien and manner, which is very likely to fail while the vigor of intellect is wholly unimpaired. It is a wearying and exhausting profession ; and though there are instances, and illustrious instances — illustrious because

so very few — of a half-century's continuous service, as in the case of two successive Exeter principals, and of Dr. Hopkins, an octogenarian, with a mind and heart as young as when he taught his first class, there are very numerous though unrecorded instances in which a quarter of a century has comprised the whole successful portion of a teacher's brilliant career.

But the need of the pension may be averted or postponed by the sabbatical year; and I am glad of the provision that this year shall be devoted not to extra work, but wholly to rest and travel. Permit me here to cite my own experience, which I regard as simply normal, and therefore instructive. I came to Cambridge as a professor in 1860. I resigned my office in 1881; and I have, since my resignation, though out of harness, done as much hard work as ever in the same time before. I have had during these twenty-six years three seasons of European travel, each of them when I had become very weary and much dispirited. I do not exaggerate when I say that I have each time returned feeling ten years younger, and with an entire restoration of the love of work and the capacity for it, which before I left home had been sensibly impaired; and under the blessing of a kind Providence I owe it to these vacation seasons, that at my advanced age I am able to stand here to-day in full health and strength, and in the name of the officers of Wellesley College, to thank my friend for the special and pre-eminent wisdom of the sabbatical clause in his endowment.

I am happy now to yield place to those whom you are waiting to hear; but I will yield place to none of them

in my dear and high appreciation of the noble and generous heart and hand which have consecrated the outcome of science, skill, industry, and enterprise to a most sacred and blessed service and ministry, and thus have given back to God so goodly a portion of what God has given.

Rev. Mr. PORTER, of the Board of Visitors, read from Professor HORSFORD's letter to the Trustees the details of the plan by which he wished his benefaction to be administered.

SCHEME

Matured and Adopted by the Trustees in 1886, on the Basis of a Gift made to Wellesley College in 1878. Extract from a Letter to the Trustees, dated Jan. 1, 1886.

I HAVE had opportunity for several years to study the needs of the College. The institution in the last four years has entered upon its system of more complete academic organization; it has adopted settled rules of procedure. It is desirable that its resources should be defined; and I am prepared to carry into effect the wish expressed by the Founder of the College.

The wants which I have felt to be pressing include :—

- I. THE LIBRARY ;
- II. SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS ; AND
- III. A SYSTEM OF PENSIONS.

Under the head of

I. THE LIBRARY,

I consider, —

- 1. The Permanent Fund ; and
- 2. The Annual Expenditure.

1. I direct that *one half* of the dividends from the stock which is the subject of gift shall be reserved to be invested, as it is received and as the judgment of the Finance Committee may determine, and the income added to the principal for a period of ten years, — that is, from the year 1878–79 down to the academic year 1888–89, to constitute a Permanent Fund.

After ten years' accumulation the income from this invested fund shall be added to the annual appropriation for the expenditures for the Library.

After the first ten years the half of the dividends received from the stock of this gift shall be invested as before, for another decade, for the further increase of the Permanent Library Fund ; subject, however, to an annual reduction, from the close of the academic year 1888-89, by the amount of two half-salaries in the interest of Pensions (III.).

2. THE ANNUAL EXPENDITURE. This shall be, during the first decade, *two fifths* of the regular dividends from the stock which was the subject of gift. During the second decade it shall be the two fifths of the dividends as above, increased by the returns from the invested Permanent Fund accumulated during the first decade. Thereafter the expenditure will include the two fifths, together with the income from the invested fund accumulated during the first and second decades.

The expenditure of the annual appropriation for the Library shall be —

First, for the salaries of the Librarian and assistants ;

Second, for books for the Library ; and

Third, for binding and repairs.

Of the sum remaining after the salaries and binding have been provided for, there shall be reserved a certain portion for the purchase of exceptional works, to be made by the Librarian under the direction of the Library Council.

The proportion of this reserve, as well as the general apportionment of the appropriation for books for the several departments, shall be in the hands of the Library Council.

II. SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS.

I direct that the appropriation for this object be *one tenth* of the regular dividends from the stock of the gift.

It will go toward meeting the needs of the departments of Physics, Chemistry, Botany, and Biology, embracing all the current supplies to be consumed in lectures and in experimental instruction by both instructors and students, as well as in the equipment with apparatus of a more permanent character.

If the professors desire to mass apportionments of two years in any individual department to secure more costly scientific apparatus, they shall be at liberty to do so. With this condition the apportionment to the several scientific departments of the annual appropriation shall be made by the Library Council.

Any unexpended appropriation in any of the departments above named will be covered, after two years from its date, into the Permanent Fund for the Library.

III. SYSTEM OF PENSIONS, including,

1. The Sabbatical Grant.
2. Salary Augment and Pension.

One of the unavoidable conditions of academic life is the tendency on the part of teachers to settle into stereotyped modes and forms of instruction. Another is the consequence of the unselfish devotion on the part of the officer to the duties of the chair held, resulting, in some degree in proportion to the success of the instructor, in the loss of elasticity of spirit, in nervous prostration, or in premature infirmity. The standard of excellence is liable to be lowered.

All older institutions recognize the sedative and the consuming influence of the service of an instructor; and in many colleges, especially on the Continent of Europe, attempts at plans of alleviation have been made.

The efforts made in this country to attain this end have been in most cases the opposite of conservative.

The natural method of relief seems to be to provide in this, as in other fields of labor, for periodic rest and recuperation by *change*.

I. THE SABBATICAL GRANT, adopted by Harvard College, provides that the professors and assistant professors of the permanent staff of instructors may once in seven years be relieved from academic duty for the period of one year, with their half-salaries continued to them. This gives them opportunity to rest or travel or engage in congenial occupation at home. The result is not wholly satisfactory. The rest and renewed strength come in

limited degree to those who continue to work at home. The highest advantages are gained to the teachers and to the College when the officers break away from home and employment, and travel abroad (in Europe), taking advantage of their stay to become acquainted with the most recent methods in their several departments.

In the optional arrangement the teacher is mainly considered. I would have the College considered as well ; and make travel and residence abroad, for the Sabbatical Year, a condition of the grant.

After much thought, in view of all the considerations that seem to me to influence a proper determination, I have decided to provide for a Sabbatical Grant to which a limited number of the officers at the heads of certain departments of instruction shall be eligible.

It is financially impossible that the privilege should be extended to all who would profit by it, especially from one source. If it were possible, it would be undesirable.

I leave to other friends of the College the privilege of making like provision for all the departments of art ; and this includes several most important branches of the college course, presided over by ladies every way worthy of the most generous co-operation. It embraces music and every form of the arts of design and their literature, elocution, the gymnasium, and the great field of hygiene.

I leave for other friends of the College the assistant instructors in the several departments, to whom I hope some one will early find it in his or her ability and wish to extend the prospect of the Sabbatical Year.

The officers I include are : —

THE PRESIDENT.

The Professor of Greek.			The Professor of English Language		
"	"	" Latin.	"	"	and Rhetoric.
"	"	" Mathematics.	"	"	" Mental and Moral
"	"	" Physics.			Philosophy.
"	"	" Chemistry.	"	"	" History.
"	"	" Botany.	"	"	" German.
"	"	" Zoölogy.	"	"	" French.
"	"	" English Literature.	"	Librarian.	

To each of the heads of the above departments the Sabbatical Grant contemplates that every seventh year of her academic service from a given date, she shall be eligible to have, with the approbation of the Trustees, a year's leave of absence, to be passed in Europe, and with it her half-yearly salary.

If for any reason an eligible officer declines the Sabbatical Year, the grant in her case may be offered to another equally eligible ; or, in the absence of such opportunity, the specific grant, with one exception hereinafter mentioned, will be covered into the Permanent Fund of the Library.

In case of resignation, the successor having been an instructor of subordinate rank in the College for the requisite time will be eligible to the Sabbatical Year that would have fallen to her predecessor.

Of these half-salaries, that of the Librarian will come from the annual appropriation for the Library. The half-salaries for the remaining fourteen officers will, after 1888-89, be taken, as already indicated, from the gross reserved half of the dividend from this gift, the remainder of which half only will go to increase the Permanent Fund for the Library.

The Sabbatical Grant regards the interests of the College and the officer alike. When the third Sabbatical Year shall have passed, I suggest, in the discretion of the Trustees, another measure, involving, as I conceive, the best interests of the College and of the instructor, but recognizing also the fact of loyal service. I propose this measure in the following terms : —

2. SALARY AUGMENT AND PENSIONS. After an officer shall have been in continuous service of the College for twenty-one years, and shall have received at least two Sabbatical Grants, her salary shall be increased from whatever it may have been before, by one hundred dollars annually for five years, after which it shall not be further increased from this source.

The beneficiary shall be at liberty to retire any year after her twenty-second of service, and have for life annually the augment of her last year's salary. From the twenty-sixth year of service, should she resign, she will, with the approbation of the Trustees, receive a pension of five hundred dollars a year for life. The

decision as to whether she shall continue longer to hold her professional chair shall rest with the Trustees.

This Salary Augment and Pension will be drawn, like the Sabbatical Grant, from the gross reserved half of the annual dividend from this gift, after the *second decade*, the remainder going to increase the Permanent Library Fund.

I desire to add a single special provision more. The Trustees shall have authority in their discretion, from time to time, from the remainders of the Sabbatical Grant, to provide funds for any officer or recent graduate whom they may select, to enable her to better qualify herself by a year's study abroad for contemplated appointment in the College service.

The offices contemplated in the grants and pensions must be held by ladies.

ADMINISTRATION OF THE LIBRARY.

It is to be hoped and expected that, as in the case of Harvard, private libraries will from time to time be left by bequest to the College, and not improbably, occasional if not frequent special gifts, both of books and money. The annual increase by purchase will in a few years (naturally) greatly swell the number and value of our books. It may reasonably be expected that the Library will soon be adequately equipped for the current necessities of the College.

The end of making it in the highest degree useful, in saving the time of those who seek its advantages, is steadily kept in view.

When the equipment and classification and cataloguing and analytical indexes shall have been brought to include all the principal divisions of the Library, and we shall have entered upon the expected larger annual appropriations, we may fairly expect that, like the Harvard, John Carter Brown, Lenox, Astor, and Yale, and other large and older libraries, ours will, besides meeting the wants of the College, have it in its power to open its collections for purposes of research to persons not otherwise connected with the College.

Should the interests of Bibliography, as connected with the College, require service additional to that of the present staff,

adequate financial provision for it will exist after three years, in the annual appropriation for the Library.

I desire that the salary of the Librarian be increased by the total of one half of the sum she now receives, in equal annual advances during the coming three academic years.

I further desire that, should the present incumbent with advancing years prefer a life of less labor, she be permitted, whenever she wishes, to retire from her charge, with a pension of one third of her increased salary for life.

Should the Trustees deem it for the best interests of the Library to create the office of Superintendent and Lecturer on Bibliography, the salary of the Librarian shall continue at the maximum indicated above so long as she continues to hold the office.

For the coming three years I ask permission to provide for the augmentation of the Librarian's salary. Thereafter it will come from the annual appropriation for the Library.

The objects and plans of expenditure which I have presented in the foregoing do not contemplate any encroachment upon the dividends of the gift to be set apart for the Permanent Fund, until after ten years shall have elapsed from the year of the gift.

But as I desire to see in some degree the fruit of these plans while I live, and as I would like for various reasons to mark the opening year of the second decade in the history of the College, I ask permission to expedite the first Sabbatical Year by three years, so that it will commence with the academic year of 1886-87.

I find that a number of the officers eligible to the Sabbatical Grant have recently passed a year or more abroad. Two are absent now. Of those who remain, all of whom are or will be eligible, I request the privilege of offering to the Trustees the half-salaries of two officers for the coming year, two for the next, and two for the year following, — six in all.

The best interests of the College would, I conceive, be promoted by including the President in the first year, the Professor of

Mathematics in the second, and the Professor of Physics in the third. The additional beneficiary in each year I desire to ask the Trustees to name.

As this letter is not written for publication, I may say that it is my conviction that among the effects of these measures of recognition and appreciation, besides the added strength gained to the staff of officers, and the enhanced value of service to their classes, the College may some day be found to be possessed of an untitled but virtual Academic Senate, — an Upper House, — holding their seats without election, in their own right, rich in the memory and the consciousness of having long and loyally devoted themselves to the highest of human pursuits. They will have passed the best of their lives in the habitual fulfilment of noble tasks, in the interchange of mutual services and courtesies and trusts, a body revered and cherished, of dignity and grace, — somewhat apart, — a treasury of the traditions of the College life, a source of wisdom in council to the governing board, and a bulwark to the name and fame of Wellesley. It will be one of their privileges for many years, we may hope, as they from time to time return to the scenes of their activity, to tell to grateful students of having seen and known the founders of their Alma Mater.

Miss FLORENCE HOMER, of the senior class, was called on to speak for the undergraduates, which she did in the following original poem : —

AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

BY FLORENCE E. HOMER.

YOU who are learnèd in curious lore,
And over old legends have laughed and sighed,
Did you ever hear the whimsical tale
Of the old, gray woodman and his bride ?

T was a huntsman passed the woodman's door :
" Good-morrow to you, young huntsman bold !
And whither away this springtide fair ? "
Quoth the huntsman, " My errand is quickly told.

" I journey far, to the haunts of men ;
I go to seek me a fair young bride."
At this the woodman seized his arm,
And, " Tarry a moment first ! " he cried.

From the cottage he brought him a kerchief gay.
" Marry, young huntsman, listen to me :
About whose neck this scarf be tied,
Thy willing and loving bride is she.

" Nay, seize it not in such eager haste ;
Another word I have for thee :
If I lend thee the kerchief, — mark thou well, —
Thou must also find a bride for me."

The hunter thanked the woodman old,
Then sped on his way, and left him there.
"My bride must be fair," he heard him call ;
And the wood-birds echoed, " Be fair ! be fair ! "

A year rolled fast o'er the forest gray.
The old man waited silently,
Till at last one morning adown the glade
Came the hunter, merrily singing a glee ;

A maid at his right, and a maid at his left, .
Fair and fresh as maid might be.
" And take thy kerchief, and take thy bride,
With a huntsman's thanks, good man," quoth he.

The old man kissed his girlish bride,
But never a smile on his face was seen.
A strange old man was that woodman gray,
Strangest in all the wood, I ween.

His fair young bride, she loved him well,
She loved and served him faithfully ;
And every night, at the cottage door,
She welcomed his coming joyfully.

But as daily she marked his growing years,
His lingering step and his snow-white head,
The cheer of her life was changed to gloom,
For there grew in her heart a dismal dread.

" Oh, woe is me ! Good father mine,
Thy days may not be many here ;
And if thou diest, I too must die,
Alone in the wood with grief and fear."

" Fear not, good child ! I shall not die ;
With death and the dead I have no part.
For no man dies till his heart is dead,
And he is secure that hath no heart."

She looked at her lord with sorrowful eyes,
Then wonderingly to his side drew near :
" Oh, father, tell me, tell me, pray,
Where is thy heart, if it be not here ? "

" My heart, good child ! and wilt thou know ?
My heart, my heart that is mine no more,
It is (and what shall I tell her now ?)
In the casement over our cottage door."

Forth in the forest the maiden went,
Her bare white feet were wet with dew ;
The fairest flowers of the wood she brought,
And bound them in garlands the long day through.

And she waited at night his returning feet,
And showed him the door, all bright with bloom,
With drooping vines and blossoms gay,
Filling the air with their rich perfume.

" Now, father, thy heart is glad, I trow,"
She cried, and smiled in his silent face.
" Thou art a good child," he answered slow,
But he smiled not back at her innocent grace.

" My heart is long from my bosom gone ;
Thou may'st not find it in this our cot,
And if thou searchest the forest through,
In all the wood thou wilt find it not."

Then the maiden wept and sorrowed sore :
" Good father, thou hast been false to me ;
Thou hast a heart, and wilt surely die,
And all my fear is come back to me."

" Far, far from here, in a solitude
Older than living man can tell,
Stands a silent church, with close-barred doors,
And ever within it my heart doth dwell."

Then the maiden pondered long and deep :
 “ I will seek the hunter,” she said at last.
“ He wanders wide, and will find for me
 This gray old church, with its doors barred fast.”

So she sought the hunter’s forest home,
 And told him her tale in eager haste,
Till the hunter vowed he would do her will,
 Whatever might be the odds he faced.

So the hunter roamed the wide world through,
 And found at the end the church so old ;
And before the might of the girl’s desire
 Yielded the bars so hard and cold.

The hunter threw wide the windows tall,
 And let the gracious sunlight in,
And the wind blew softly through, and brought
 Fragrance and freshness where gloom had been.

And now that the doors were opened broad,
 All suddenly on the air there fell,
Floating down from the lofty tower,
 The tones of the ancient chapel bell.

And every one heard that blessèd chime,
 And came to the valley from far and near ;
And once again in the woodland church
 They knelt to worship in godly fear.

And the maiden bride was glad and gay,
 With a constant joy in her fair young face ;
For now she had gained her soul’s desire,
 And had cheered his heart in its hiding-place.

.
The legend was ended ; I closed my book.
 She made glad the place where he hid his heart ;
So will we do, I mused aloud,
 Till out of our love he can never depart.

We will garland the walls where a heart is hid,
Where a treasure is laid with lavish hand ;
There will we set up his name in joy,
And make it the praise of all the land.

And our hearts, like the heart of the maid in the tale,
In the years to come shall know no fears ;
For who shrines his heart in our midst to-day
Shall live to us through the endless years.

After a facetious introduction, in which he feigned to believe that the ancient Hebrew history was reversed in these days,—that, instead of the Queens of Sheba coming to Solomon for words of wisdom, the Solomons come to the Queens of Sheba, and declare the half has not been told,—and a happy allusion to the occasion of the Festival, Dr. ABBOTT spoke substantially as follows :—

ADDRESS.

BY THE REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.

A BOOK may be an ornament, a tool, or a friend. As an ornament it lies on the parlor table, and enters into competition with a vase of flowers, a plaque, a Japanese monstrosity, a Turkish table-cloth, or what-not, or lines the wall in a set of shelves, and serves as an expensive wall-paper. There is no objection to books as ornaments for those people who can afford literary bric-à-brac, and like that sort of thing. As a tool the book belongs in the scholastic workshop. It is professional. The boy's school-books are tools; the woman's cook-books are tools; the minister's commentaries are tools; the lawyer's reports are tools; Webster's Dictionary is a tool. Every perfectly equipped house ought to have a carpenter's shop,—and the master of the house ought to know how to use it,—cooking schools for girls, and carpenter shops or garden beds, or both, for boys. So every house ought to have its literary tool-shop, its library of books for literary labor, its intellectual carpenter's shop; its books of reference,—dictionary, geography, cyclopædia. But the highest use of a book is as a companion and a friend. You are not particular as to the binding; for though you like to see your friend well clad, the tailor does not

make the man; neither does the bookbinder make the book. A ten-cent edition of an English classic may be a friend. You do not inquire as to utility. The most useful books are those which can give no account of their usefulness. The highest use of a friend is his friendship, and in some respects a friendly book is the very best of friends. Speech is silver, silence is golden. A book is a bimetallic friend; it will give you either silver speech or golden silence, as you prefer. I sit by my firelight dreaming, with my friend in my hand. "Come, come," I say to him at last, "you are silent and I am weary; talk to me, amuse me." And he answers not my petulance with reproach, but looks with kindly face into my eyes, and talks. At last I weary of him. "You talk too much," I say, and turn from him. He stops as quietly as he began, relapses into silence, and breathes no complaint of my unreasonable mood. A book is never jealous, never suspicious. It asks no attentions. It never pouts or sulks because you prefer another book. It never reproaches you with — "I thought you had quite forgotten me." I cannot pet my cat without a remonstrance from my dog; but I can choose any book out of my library with no look or word of reproach from its companions. It exacts nothing. Conversation is give and take; but reading is all take. The book demands of you only one thing — attention. That you must give, or it closes its lips and is resolutely silent. Indeed, the generosity of this friend is its worst fault. Beware! or it will make you selfish. Your true book-lover is in danger of not being a true

lover of his kind. There is one virtue no book can cultivate in the soul,—the virtue of self-denial.

The book as a friend is a living soul. Some one has said that a cathedral is “frozen music.” A good book is embodied and undying spirit. It is the thought and experience of a noble nature crystallized and endowed with an earthly immortality. It is the touch of a vanished soul. It is a voice come back from the unseen world. On the titlepage of every true book might be inscribed the words: “Being dead he yet speaketh.” Carlyle, the great talker, pours unmeasured contempt upon talk; and that which is mere talk deserves his fine scorn, all of it; yet what is that scorn itself but talk? “Words! mere words!” Ay! and yet there is nothing so immortal as a true word. “Heaven and earth shall pass away,” says Jesus of Nazareth, “but my words shall not pass away.” Mere vibrations of the air he set in motion; yet their music has been encircling the globe ever since. Frost cannot bite them, nor sun burn them, nor damp mildew them, nor rain wash them away, nor steam wreck them. Empires have risen and set, civilizations come and gone, cities been built and crumbled to the dust, even languages have died and been buried, and yet these words still live; and, as the centuries go by, a constantly increasing congregation reverently gathers about the sacred speaker on the grassy slope of the Galilean hill, and listens to the words that can never die. Words are immortal because a soul lives in them. A good book is immortal because it is an incarnate soul. In the presence of a great book I am in

the presence of a great nature. He is an artist; and he lends me his eyes with which to look into Nature and read her mysteries. He is a poet; and I, too, am a poet in his companionship, and endowed with his insight. He is a novelist; and as I sit with him my heart throbs with his profound sympathies. He is an historian; and I live in another epoch; or a philosopher, and his broad horizon opens before me, and I am on the top of an exceeding high mountain, and all the kingdoms of nature and of truth are in a panorama before me; they are mine without the devil's condition attached.

There is no better gift than a book; only see to it that you give, not an ornament nor a tool, but a friend. The worst book for a gift is a gift-book. Never give a book on theology to a minister, nor a law book to a lawyer, nor a medical book to a doctor, nor a school-book to a boy. Give a friend, not a tool; a kindly soul, not a useful instrument. Of course, if you are to do this, you must learn something of him to whom you give the book, that you may know what kind of friends he likes. Books, I have said, will be silent or will speak, as you prefer. Now let me reverse that sentence, and declare that books are a law unto themselves; and some books which are full of life in one pair of hands are absolutely silent in another. Carlyle is a fiery and impulsive talker to me; but there are some good friends of mine to whom he will say nothing. He is as glum and silent in their presence as he often used to be in his own household. Wordsworth is a delightful friend to those who are friendly with him. But let a man gibe at

his commonplaces, and he closes his lips tightly, and will not open them. See to it that your book goes where it will receive a warm reception, and where it will exercise its friendly offices. Do not give Wordsworth to a man who sees no parable in Nature ; nor Carlyle to one who is offended by a sharp tongue and a brusque manner ; nor Dickens to a cynic ; nor Emerson to a " practical man ; " nor Ruskin to a philosopher. It requires skill to select a congenial friend. Your bookseller cannot do it for you. Shopping will not accomplish it.

We read books too little as friends ; we use them too much as tools. The same book cannot well be both ; certainly not at the same time. You cannot go to it for useful service and friendly converse at the same reading. Your doctor may be your best friend ; but consultation over a headache and friendly converse are not the same. Every man ought to have time to take up a book in a receptive mood, and listen to its message. He ought to go sometimes to his books as he goes out in his yard in the morning to hear the birds sing ; not as he goes to the newspaper to get the last news. The most fruitful reading is meditative reading. What a book will be to you will depend upon what you are to the book ; that is, upon your mood. Some persons read books as men ride across a country on a hunt : the only object is to get in at the death in the shortest possible time. This is the way very young persons read novels. Some persons read books as they go to market : they know what they want to get, and go to the book or to the library to get it. This is the way professional men read their

professional books. Some men read books by stint: so many pages a day, and give themselves a college mark of 10 when the task is done. The most fruitful reading is that which seems to take the least out of the book, and which stimulates the most in the reader. He who can tell what he has read does very well; but he who can tell what he has thought does better. He who can give account of the author's thoughts is a scholar; he who can give account of his own is a thinker. The best friend is he who stirs me most deeply to my own thinking and my own feeling. The best teacher is a friend; and the best pupil is he whose heart is open to receive a friendly suggestion and a friendly impulse. Curiosity is a good reader; conscience is a better reader; but love is the best reader of all. And he who reads with neither love, conscience, nor curiosity does not read at all. A library is a gift of life. You, the students of Wellesley, are to take it and multiply it.

Rev. Dr. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE then spoke in behalf of the Trustees of the College.

ADDRESS.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, D.D.

I WOULD not interrupt the words of grateful congratulation which belong to this day; but, happily, the work which one man has wrought brings together the works of many other men, and finds its opportunity and reward in this. The day belongs with other days. It is fine to stand among the givers of books, and to think of that which they have accomplished. Their work has been wise, vital, permanent. The list here is long and is now worthily crowned. It has the greater worth that it belongs here.

A library is always an impressive place. The library of a college is doubly impressive. One feels like treading softly, and speaking in low and reverent tones. A library is the meeting-place of select spirits; the trysting-ground of the immortals. They come, not in the gloom of the evening alone, but in the brightness of the noon-day. Here one is "in the lap of eternity, among divine souls."

The library extends the college life in every direction. It unites the ages. We cannot crowd the centuries into four years, but we can compress the heart of the centuries. Events are too numerous and bulky to find room for themselves within our academic walls; but the spirits

which have possessed and controlled the events need but a narrow space, and they come together when one is cunning enough to summon them. Nothing is more marked in our personal and public annals than the repetitions. A few principles appear and reappear; assert themselves, discharge their mission, and come again for a new audience. These constant truths are of more account than the changing forms. These truths are set in books and mustered on the library shelves. Whatever we may think of the transmigration of souls from body to body, the passage of spirits from event to event is beyond question. We seek the few spirits and find them in our books. If they were not there, the hopelessness of study would be appalling. We have a use for names and dates, as for fences, and boundary lines, and monuments. But we hold them of less account than the living truths which move about them. Principles are fewer and grander than illustrations. For this reason, brief and hurried as life is, we can bring ourselves into acquaintance with all the years, and walk familiarly with the masters, teachers, workers, up and down the highways of the world.

"A thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies."

A library is therefore a place of large freedom. We are lifted among the spirits, while our mind leaps over the boundaries and presses beyond the walls. It was not an absurdity, or a truism, which was expressed in the keen testimony, that "he saw so far beyond the mere facts of a case, that really it was superfluous to know them."

The college library is the true Norumbega, a point of land between two seas; on the one side washed by the waters of all the centuries which have been, while on the other side the light from its open windows streams over the broader seas of the ages which are to be.

It is a great gift which is given to a college when its library is founded and furnished. With a great price have ardent students, eager seekers for truth, men and women athirst for knowledge, bought the privilege of communing with great thinkers, and coming into fellowship with the emancipated spirits of events. We can imagine the delight of the young Agassiz when Schinz trusted him with the key to his library, and let him revel among the books. But more suggestive is the picture when we see the youth copying with his own hand books which he must own and could not buy, though the price was but a dollar.

The soul of a scholar glows in the words of the young Erasmus in his letters from Paris: "I have given up my whole soul to Greek learning, and as soon as I get any money I shall buy Greek books; and then I shall buy some clothes." That single word "then" is the witness to the scholar.

Our proud Historical Society sits among the books and beneath the portrait of an old man who leaned on the table of George Ticknor, and told the story of his youth: "When I was twenty-eight years old I had never been anything better than a journeyman leather-dresser; I had never had more than twenty-five dollars a month; I had never paid five dollars to be carried from one place

to another; I had never owned a pair of boots; I had never paid a penny to go to the play or to see a sight; but I owned above six hundred volumes of good books, well bound." There is abundant evidence that a man will get books, if he sets his heart upon it. But it is an inestimable advantage to have the scholarly passion able to search the books and master the thoughts which are enshrined in them, without the painful expenditure of precious time in the effort to procure the books and hold them in the hand. We prize what we have toiled for; but room enough is left for toil when the book has been gained. Time, thought, learning, strength, life, all are included in the gift of a book to a student; are multiplied beyond all estimate in the gift of a library to a college.

It is an essential part of the college. Next to the living teacher it is *the* essential part. Our great admiral was wont to load his ships by the head. So must a school be loaded. We are fortunate here, where it is hardly a dream that we dwell in marble halls. But these stately buildings, these gentle hills and broad meadows, where sight and faith see cottage and chapel among the trees; the sparkling waves of Waban water, fair in the moonlight, and joyful with the glad song and the merry oar, — these are not the College. They are her home. They are the robes she wears. But the heart of the College is among her books, where wisdom waits upon the wise, and the wise fill their lamps or ever they venture forth to enlighten the world. I do not mean volumes only. There is more in our minds to-day. Wisdom enters into steel and brass; looks through the crystal walls where it

consents to dwell ; indulges the delicate mechanism which measures light and thought, and joins the unseen to the seen. There be many kinds of books, and they are embraced in the gift we celebrate. The statutes of the Lord are right, and His commandment is pure. But, also, the heavens declare His glory, and the firmament sheweth His handy-work. The teaching by word and the teaching by work belong in the college life, and now move forward side by side.

It is rare honor to be the keepers of such treasures. The librarians are far more. They are in choice companionship. They have the confidence of the Truth, and know where it dwells, and where it walks, and the places where it hides. They are its friends, messengers, interpreters ; the angels who stand in the presence of the King. As we have translated *liber* into book, why should we not translate "librarian" into some form which should mean the book-giver ; the book giving itself ?

It is to be remembered that this college, in all its purposes and endowments, is for service. The one thought looks down upon us from the walls, — to minister. The doors open inward that life may be given here, and open outward that the enlarged life may be given to the world. Munificent as the gifts have been, the largest are made by those who give their life. The years, so full of hope and daring and high intent, which have in them the coming years, and all which lies beyond ; whose value cannot be computed, whose place can never be supplied ; the years which are brought to the college and placed under

her control, that she may work her will in them; these are the great gifts. There is a wise proverb, "He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry out the wealth of the Indies."

The greatest gift which belongs with these books is the life which will be bestowed upon them. They must be read, studied, appropriated. Thought must be given to them before thought can be drawn from them. The living spirit must be wooed and won; persuaded to make its home in another mind and heart. A book is not ours because we have paid the publisher, or have found it where a friendly hand left it within our reach. Its thought becomes our thought: then the book is ours. It matters little who wrote it, or when it sprang from his mind. It must be written over to-day and in our own writing. Events are reduced to a common date. The eager mind, translating all things into its own language, and transferring all things to its own time, feels the lines between the centuries hardly more than the keel feels the meridians over which it glides. When we inquired of Mr. Emerson concerning the authorship of a certain phrase, he said, "What care we who sung this or that? It is we at last who sing."

Books are generous, considerate, patient; but they cleave to us. The volume we can put back on the shelf, but the book stays with us. It goes where we go, rests when we rest. Almost like the divine Providence, it is

"never so far off
As even to be near."

Much more than this is to be said. Books come into this college to go out enriched by the life into which they have entered. Life hastens forth to give life. The wide world lies before the college gates. I know that he in whose work we rejoice will be more glad of this than of anything besides. When the words which we are speaking, and the songs which we are singing, have become a memory; when the gracious, genial influences of this day are resting serenely in the mind and spirit where they will have choice companionship; I am sure that my friend, neighbor, parishioner, to whom all my heart goes out, will be glad beyond everything else for the good which he has done; for the immortality of his gifts; for the continual service which they will render as the years move on. For these books are not given after the law of an earthly, changing, vanishing commandment, "but after the power of an endless life."

Over this broad land, in its homes and its schools, in its cities and on its prairies; where the dark continent lies between two seas; where the slender crescent widens with light; where the far orient waits for the rising sun; where over the coral isles rises the morning star; there shall these books, incarnate in these lives, give light and life. Their line will go out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. This is the meaning of the day. This is the purpose which binds the liberal thought of the present to the thought which the college is and evermore shall be.

I may not end these simple words, standing in the midst of the multiplying books, greeting them while they

fly as the doves to their windows, until I have recalled the purpose of the founder of the College, and of all who have builded with him, and of those who have given their life to the house ; until I have said, what every one has been saying to himself, that the College rests upon a book, — one book, — to which we give no other name but that, It is **THE BOOK**. Within it are wisdom and truth. The deepest principles of philosophy, the changeless verities of history, the profound teachings of science, all are there with a literature unsurpassed for grandeur and beauty, with songs which are never excelled, with the lives of heroes and saints, with the Life which is the Light of Men. They have the beginnings of all learning who know **The Book**. They have the laws of all worlds. They are instructed unto the kingdom of heaven, which is beyond “the splendid stars,” and is among us where we live and work. To know the Bible is to have a liberal education. He was right into whose labor we have entered, and we are right who keep his corner-stone in its place, and build upon it and around it.

There is one Master, so he would say, so he did say in tones which we can never lose. Whose college this is, he bade us always remember. When Colet founded his Grammar School beside St. Paul’s, he placed over the master’s chair the image of the child Jesus, and wrote beneath, “Hear ye Him.” Above this college, above every chair, over every path, over every book, He has His place. The saintly hand which reaches from the clear sky into which we gaze, the hand of every benefactor, the hand of the teacher, the hand of the scholar, —

these all point steadily to the enthroned One, and the voices of heaven and earth blend in reverence and adoration while they cry, Hear ye Him!

Professor HORSFORD, after a song by the Beethoven Society, came forward, all the audience spontaneously rising to do him honor, and read the following address :—

ADDRESS.

BY PROF. EBEN NORTON HORSFORD.

I AM not insensible to these assurances of appreciation. I wish I might think myself worthy of them.

I do not esteem it lightly that there are represented here the Trustees of the College, the source of our power; the Board of Visitors, the shield alike of the public and the College, of sound learning and healthful progress; the President and Faculty, of whose services and fitness I might bear testimony if this were the time and place, and I might venture, in the fealty I own, to approach the theme with such poor utterance as mine; the friends who lend their presence on such a day as this; the classes that for the coming three years will throng these halls; and the Seniors, who chose me to honorary membership in their Freshman year, — my own class, now about to bear away with their diplomas the respect and affection and the benediction of all who have known them.

I cannot, I think, mistake the proprieties of the occasion if I take advantage of it to say a word, more especially to the ladies of the College, of how I come to be here.

My earliest associations with these grounds date back more than thirty years. I had been invited, on some

occasion of professional counsel, when as a chemist I met one of the most distinguished of the leaders of the Boston Bar, to pass a summer holiday at the cottage near the conservatory. The questions raised were discussed and determined. After breakfast my host and I strolled along the lake shore to the elevation where this edifice stands, and where we long looked out on the exquisite expanse of water and woodland beyond. My friend spoke of it as the seat of a future home. There were three who then bore his name. I recall the thought of the sweet companionship of books in the depth of the quiet that then prevailed here, and the charm of a library commanding such an outlook. I was enchanted with the beauty, the dignity, the repose of the landscapes that opened up at every turn.

We wandered on across the ravine to the grounds of the western gate lodge, and by another way over the hill and site of Norumbega, till we came where now stands the noble monument to the munificence of Valeria Stone. There in the shadows of the evergreens we lay down on the carpet of pine foliage and talked, — I remember it well, — talked long of the problems of life; of the things worth living for; of the hidden ways of Providence, as well as the subtle ways of men; of the few who rule, and are not always recognized; of the many who are led, and are not always conscious of it; of the survival of the fittest in the battles of life, and of the constant presence of the Infinite Pity; of the difficulties, the resolution, the struggle, the conquest that make up the history of every worthy achievement.

I arose with the feeling that I had been taken into the confidence of one of the most gifted of all the men it had been my privilege to know. We had not talked of friendship; we had been unconsciously planting deep its seed. He lived to illustrate its strength and its steadfastness to me. He lived to find in the devotion of his gifts to the building up of this Institution a relief from bereavement too sacred to be named. I have lived to appreciate and to reverence the grandeur of the work he accomplished here. He had done me the honor from time to time to ask my counsel. He had expressed a wish that I might feel interested in the prosperity of the College to which he gave his fortune and his life. The wish was welcomed. It ran with my sympathies. The sympathies grew with indulgence, as I saw rising on the banks of the Charles — loyal always to learning and to conscience — a new institution, born of sacrifice as of old, and dedicated in prayer and faith to the education of women. These were the tried conditions of promise of good for the name of Massachusetts. Perhaps I may also confess that my heart was in full accord with the wish of my friend.

You have the secret of my regard for Wellesley.

To the surviving founder, whose never-sleeping sense of duty runs on in loyalty to the most precious of memories, I desire to express my gratitude for permission in a humble way to try to help her.

To the officers of instruction how much I owe!

It has been intimated to me that a recent letter to the Trustees betrayed thoughtful consideration of the interests of Wellesley that was grateful to you. Mine has been

the great privilege. It is true that time was given to find how I might serve you. That you think there is promise that the result will lessen your solicitude for the future, and increase your strength for the daily duties you so loyally fulfil, I am happy in believing. Some of you consciously possibly, but most of you unconsciously, have helped me not a little in these studies which have been prosecuted for eight years. If I have received from others occasional suggestions, it would be unjust to allude to them without adding that not a few have been but repetitions of plans that have come to me here, and have been welcome mainly in proportion as they seemed the echoes of what had been entertained before. Among you I have not been denied the resources of experience, nor of the finest sense of what was for the highest welfare of the College; and I may claim that I had, in many a conference within these walls, the assurance of the practicability and the wisdom of the measures I had devised.

As the Trustees have done me the honor to request my co-operation in the conduct of the library, I may ask to be indulged in referring to one or two features of its administration which have seemed to me worthy to be entertained by the Council, and at which I have only hinted in my letter to the Corporation.

The equipment of the library to meet the current wants of the classes, including the lesser libraries for each of the departments, the libraries for reference in the separate cottages and halls without the main building, and the wide range of books of reference, in duplicate or manifold, auxiliary to the text-books, which the principal

library will contain, — all these will not require an indefinitely large array of volumes. As new books replacing the old come into use, the latter may be transferred to a convenient stack for less frequent consultation. The total number for undergraduate service need not greatly vary.

But the uses of books at a seat of learning reach beyond the wants of undergraduates. The Faculty need supplies from the daily widening field of literature. They should have access to the periodical issues of contemporary research and criticism in the various branches of knowledge pertaining to their individual departments. In addition to these, the progressive culture of an established college demands a share in whatever adorns and ennobles scholarly life, and principally the opportunity to know something of the best of all the past,—the writers of choice and rare books. To meet this demand there will continue to grow the collections in specialties for bibliographical research, which starting like the suite of periodicals with the founder, have been nursed, as they will continue to be cherished, under the wise direction of the Library Council. Some of these will be gathered in concert, it may be hoped, with neighboring and venerable and hospitable institutions, that costly duplicates may be avoided; some will be exclusively our own.

To these collections of specialties may come, as to a joint estate in the republic of letters, not alone the Faculty of the College, but such other persons of culture engaged in literary labor as may not have found facilities for conducting their researches elsewhere, and to whom

the Trustees may extend invitation to avail themselves of the resources of our library.

Besides these there is another class for whom it seems desirable to contemplate provision, as the means and discretion of the Trustees may permit.

There must appear among us, from time to time, graduates who will have revealed to their instructors and classmates that if they had opportunity, — and this means mainly opportunity qualified by financial considerations, — they could usefully contribute to the cause of letters. Some persons are born to bibliography. Should such rare offspring manifest their presence in our classes, they may, after graduation, be aided in the fulfilment of their destiny, and be an honor to their Alma Mater, perhaps to their day; or they may conduct, in the midst of untoward surroundings, a prolonged struggle, which through want of appreciation, or of health, or of conscious usefulness, will end in failure. It seems possible to convert such danger of failure into largely assured success.

It may be assumed that persons of this class, always few in number, would be glad to receive from the Trustees an invitation to remain at the College, or to return to it after a limited absence, to pursue, for one or two years, a course of research in some branch of literature or science, to be crowned at the end with the production of a monograph on a chosen theme. With the field of such a theme sufficiently narrowed to be the subject of exhaustive research within a defined period, the production could scarcely fail to be of positive value. There would be open to these graduates all the material here, and,

virtually, it may be believed, all in neighboring libraries at Cambridge and in Boston, and by like courtesy in hospitable private libraries; and lastly, that the whole ground might be covered, still needed material might be obtained with funds of the library, by purchase, to swell the treasures of a specialty.

I would have two copies of the result of each research made in calligraph to be deposited in an alcove of the library, under the head of the "Wellesley Monographs." Of these, one copy would be the permanent possession of the library; the other might be taken from the shelves at the wish of the author and with the consent of the Library Council for publication, as "From the Wellesley Monographs," or to serve for reference or aid in any other kindred field, or at a later time when a loving hand should gather up the memorials of a worthy life.

These graduates of Wellesley I have thought might, with the approbation of the Trustees, be regarded as assistants in the library, where besides learning incidentally somewhat of how a library should be conducted, they would receive such moderate salaries as would be in keeping with their privileges and be sustained by the judgment of the Trustees and Library Council; or they might aid in some way, mutually acceptable, in the scientific or literary departments in which their studies or researches are to be conducted. The number of such assistants and their privileges might vary with the means which, in the discretion of the Trustees, should be regarded as properly to be placed at the disposal of the Library Council for the purpose contemplated.

I sometimes think one may look forward to a time when there will in this direction be a new attraction to Wellesley; when to all the facilities we now enjoy, and all we feel to be at hand, there will be recognized as steadily growing here, to be of permanent value as authority in bibliographical research, an alcove of original papers. The learned will come to consult them; the local historian to verify his dates; the biographer to find his needed records; the statistician, the critic, the student of social science, the reviewer, the antiquary, the specialist of whatever order. Some such visits may become memorable traditions of the college life. I sometimes think such an alcove, filled with the fruit of our own culture, in the simple power of its voiceless presence, as well as through the influence of those who may seek its collections, may produce a measurable impress on the classes here.

I am persuaded that with each accession of privilege of a larger academic life, the high attainments of the classes, and the growth and weight of character which give to scholarly equipment and training their highest efficiency, will be enriched with an added dignity or sweetness or grace, which, real as refinement, will be lasting as the virtue of the loadstone in all their future lives.

I would like, before taking my seat, to recall the name that is on all our lips and in all our hearts, but nowhere to be seen in all these beautiful grounds; but I may not. I feel the touch of a vanished hand! It is as he purposed. I hear a voice that, living, would have restrained me. And yet I may not be withheld from saying in our

common behalf, that the man who, of his genius and wealth consecrated to far-seeing purpose, sets upon its feet a broadly planned and thoroughly thought-out institution, conceived to aid in solving the problem of the higher education of women, wisely providing a place and appliances where the humblest not less than the more fortunate may make effective their contributions to the work, — that man has entered into the elect of the benefactors of mankind. If you seek his monument, look about you.

The following sonnet, written for the occasion by Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, was read by Miss WILLIETTA GODDARD, a former President of the Class of '86 :—

TO THE DISCOVERER OF NORUMBEGA.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

HAPPY Discoverer of that vanished town
Whose gracious ghosts assemble at thy call
To rear for thee again each ancient wall,
Till as of old the stately ramparts frown, —
Not this discovery is thy best renown,
O thou, to whose high soul it did befall
To see that gain of one means good for all, —
Thou, whose whole life of love our laurels crown.

We lay our reverent homage at thy feet ;
We warm our lives at that warm heart of thine,
And to the coming years bequeath thy fame,
Thine ! — in whom purpose and fulfilment meet.
What later guests to bless thee shall combine !
What grateful memories embalm thy name !

Following these exercises, the President invited the audience to the library for the final ceremonies. The sight there will not soon be forgotten. The long tables were removed, and the rear windows were banked with plants. All the railings of the galleries were adorned with daisies, and above the flower faces were the faces of two hundred of the students. On the right of the door is a portrait in black and white of Professor HORSFORD, the gift of Mrs. HORSFORD, and on the left a bronze shield, with this inscription beneath Professor HORSFORD'S coat-of-arms: "To commemorate the liberality of EBEN NORTON HORSFORD, who endowed this library, 1878." Over the door of the library without had been lately inscribed the verse: "Christ, in whom are hid all the Treasures of Wisdom and Knowledge." Within: "The Lord is a God of Knowledge." Over the Gertrude Library door, Solomon's prayer: "Give me now Wisdom and Knowledge." And on the arch within, among the books on the Bible: "And another Book was opened, which was the Book of Life." These verses were found on a paper in Mr. DURANT'S handwriting, headed, "To be inscribed on the library walls when it is frescoed." It was pleasant to have this beautiful design of his carried out at this time.

Standing at the entrance to the library and addressing the throng in the hall and alcoves, Miss ANNA BROADWELL, President of the Senior Class, spoke as follows:—

ADDRESS BY MISS ANNA BROADWELL.

OF all the glorious days in our college life, the Class of '86 may well count this the most glorious; for it is a day set apart in honor of one who is not only the great friend of our Alma Mater, but also the one whom it is our privilege to call brother. Four years ago when first we placed ourselves under the loving care of Mother Wellesley, and joined ourselves with the many "girls who were gathering pearls" from her various treasure-houses, we looked beyond the few pearls of wisdom that fell in our path, and found a friendship far more valuable than jewels or precious stones. We found a brother,—nay more, we found one who will ever be to us what the Great Stone Face was in Hawthorne's story, excepting that the face which we look upon as our ideal is a living face, with love to God and man written on every feature. [She unveiled a portrait of Professor Horsford.] It has been a happy lot to grow in womanhood with this living face before our eyes; for "all the features are noble, and the expression is at once grand and sweet, as though it were the glow of a vast warm heart that held all mankind in its affections and had room for more." It has been an education to every Wellesley girl to know it,—an education which will ever inspire us to place in our faces the same sweetness, the same grandeur, the same nobility.

A college song by KATHARINE LEE BATES was then sung by the students.

ALL HAIL TO THE COLLEGE BEAUTIFUL.

ALL hail to the College Beautiful !
 All hail to the navy blue !
 All hail to the girls who are gath'ring pearls
 From the shells that are open to few !
 From the shells upcast by the ebbing Past
 On the shores where, faithful and true,
 An earnest band, with the groping hand,
 Are seeking the jewels from under the sand,
 And spreading abroad through the breadth of the land
 The name of the navy blue.

CHORUS. All hail to the College, hail !
 All hail to the royal throne
 Whence, her heart within her burning,
 Silver voiced, far-eyed Learning
 Looks upon her own.

All hail to the College Beautiful !
 All hail to the sacred walls
 Where, sinking away in the shadowy gray,
 Aye the sun's last radiance falls ;
 Where first on the lake the day-beams awake,
 And the Spring's white manacles break !
 But flushed in waking or pale in rest,
 With leaves on her hair or with snows on her breast,
 Forever the fairest and noblest and best,
 All hail to her sacred walls !

A poem for the occasion, by Miss LOUISE MANNING HODGKINS,
 Professor of Literature, was read by Miss ELIZABETH HAYDEN,
 of '86:—

AN OPEN SECRET.

BY LOUISE MANNING HODGKINS.

ONE morning in June on her cool green hill
The College Beautiful, calm and still,
Far down the heights, in the waters clear,
Saw her own sweet face in Waban Mere.

'T was a fair, fair face that one might paint
After a vision of hero or saint,
But no artist might take with bold emprise
The secret that lay in her happy eyes.

The birds from every nest and tree
Carolled it freely in rapturous glee,
Till it seemed the oriole's throat would burst
In his quivering zeal to tell it first.

The grave white lilies were all aware,
And breathed it out on the fragrant air ;
And ne'er such whispering among the reeds
Since the olden days of King Midas' deeds.

A bee in the heart of a flower who lay,
Hummed it softly in roundelay ;
And touching the tip of each golden spire,
The sun left the message in words of fire.

From the restless earth to the tranquil sky,
Birdling and blossom and butterfly
Were full of a gladness they only may reach
Who know not the dulness of human speech.

But soft ! slow rising along the height,
Like a floating cloud and with hearts as light,
A countless host of maidens came
Like Chaucer's throng to the House of Fame.

Gay and blithe was the song they sung,
And many were fair and all were young,
Save one at their head who was leading them in
With the charm of the Piper of Hamelin.

Yet he held to his lips no fairy lute ;
His face was grave and his lips were mute ;
Only I saw in his hand he bore
A magic key to a mystical door.

From north, from south, from east, from west,
Closer and closer the maidens pressed,
And a wonderful smile crept up to his eyes,
And stopped on the threshold of surprise.

And just as the door wide open was flung
I caught the words of the song they sung,
Strong, ecstatic, wild, and free,
Like the notes of a heaven-caught melody.

SONG.

All that has been,
Or may be,
Openeth, Maiden, unto thee
Through the Angel of the key.

Earth below thee
Shall unfold
All her treasures manifold,
Yielding to thine age of gold.

LIBRARY FESTIVAL

Stars above thee
Now shall tell,
Every secret garnered well
In the heights invisible.

Poets, seers
Of every age,
Gray philosopher and sage
Are thy gracious heritage.

Dowered art thou
Beyond compare,
Hence with royal right to share
All that is in earth or air.

With the good
And great alway,
Go in gladness on thy way,
Where thou goest shall be day !

The door flew open to the magic key,
To the world of unsolved mystery.
Sweet friend, pray tell me does it seem
I saw the picture but in a dream ?

Dr. DURYEA, with a short and very felicitous address to Professor HORSFORD, formally placed the tablet; and the exercises were concluded by the class of '86 joining in the following song, written to music arranged from the Swiss folk-song, "Abshied von Dirndel," by Miss FLORA A. SMEALLIE:—

COLLEGE SONG.

BY ANNE LOUISE BARRETT.

TO Alma Mater, Wellesley's daughters
 All together join and sing.
 Through all her wealth of woods and waters
 Let your happy voices ring.
 In every changing mood we love her,
 Love her towers and woods and lake:
 Oh, changeful sky, bend blue above her!
 Wake, ye birds, your chorus wake!

We'll sing her praises, now and ever,
 Blessed fount of truth and love.
 Our hearts' devotion, may it never
 Faithless or unworthy prove.
 We'll give our lives and hopes to serve her,
 Humblest, highest, noblest — all.
 A stainless name we will preserve her,
 Answer to her every call.

The guests were then invited by President FREEMAN to the College dining-hall, where, amid many pretty decorations of plants and flowers, the collation was served.

From 3 to 5 P. M. Professor HORSFORD and his family and President FREEMAN received in the library. The parlor, most tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the Gertrude Library, in which rare old books and treasures were exhibited, served as pleasant conversation-rooms, while the Germania Orchestra enlivened the scene by a succession of charming selections. Many of the guests visited Norumbega Cottage, which was open for inspection, or promenaded about the grounds.

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Cornell University Library

Library festival ...



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